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Daily Biblical Quotation

17. Delight thyself also in the Lord, and He shall give thee the desires of thy heart.—Ps. 37:4.

O Lord, I would delight in thee, And on thy care depend; For thou art every trouble's friend— My best, my only friend.

No run, that ye may obtain.—I. Cor. 9:24.

We frankly confess our indifference to what happens to Mr. Dempsey. He wears a face that is bound to improve with punishment.

Joseph Devlin, the Irish leader, looks enough like John King of Connecticut to be his twin brother. But that was not a sufficient cause to oust him from the British house of commons. Aside from his looks he might be a good fellow.

"I'm a democrat and democratic voters should know what to expect from a democrat," says the candidate for county attorney in Muskogee county. And when it comes to that, so should other kind of voters. We don't know whether the brother was merely boasting or making a confession.

Accusing Senator Harding of evading public issues so far as offering a specific remedy for them is concerned, Franklin D. Roosevelt, in the very next breath proceeded to demonstrate how specifically specific the democratic candidates are in meeting public issues. "If the democratic party is returned to power," he shouted, "we shall view these problems in the large." There you have it! Anybody knows what that sort of a specific promise means. Nothing uncertain about that. Put Frank and Jim on the job and "these problems"—that means all that they are thinking about as well as the ones you have in mind—will be squarely met and solved by "viewing them in the large." Somebody should certainly tell Mr. Harding to begin "viewing in the large" if he wants to be specific about anything.

THE DRY GOODS MARKET.

The current issue of the Dry Goods Economist, official organ of the textile trade, clearly forecasts lower prices in dry goods. In its leading editorial it says:

The demand for textiles of all kinds appears to have halted pending the finding of some stimulant for business. The feeling among buyers of cotton goods is that the reductions made in brown and bleached cottons, and in white goods as well, should be followed by corresponding cuts on the quotations on prints, percales and ginghams.

The struggle against the inevitable is very clearly shown in this issue of the Economist. The agitation is for higher prices or, at most, firm prices, despite the logic of events. This is natural, too. For merchants, with their stores full of stocks, do not want manufacturers to quote prices that will force them to unload at a loss.

But the laws of economics know no restraints. The peak of high prices has been passed and the decline from now on for a considerable length of time will be certain if not rapid. Merchants are not buying for the simple reason that all recognize conditions. The public has shown a determined disposition to await lower prices before again entering the purchasing market on anything like the scale that has characterized the past three years.

The Economist calls attention to the continued decline in the price of raw cotton on the New York exchange, and in particular to the carry-over supply of 3,956,000 bales, exclusive of linters, with the new crop, enormous in prospect, already about to move. Cotton fabrics must inevitably decline with the price of raw cotton.

Of the silk market The Economist says: There has been no appreciable increase in the call for broad silks during the last week or so. The total of new business has been almost negligible. Raw silk is in only limited demand, with prices showing a tendency to seek new low levels.

That the period of readjustment is not only there but well under way is clearly evident. It is a good thing. Business may hesitate for a time, but wisdom on the part of merchandising heads will enable them to bring their affairs to the new and better order without serious disturbance.

THE LEAGUE AS A PARTY ISSUE

The league of nations, with its perils and consequences to America should America be drawn into it, is a partisan issue because issues under our form of government can only be determined on a party basis. If there is no division there can be no issue; if there is division then a party naturally forms on either side. Ordinarily—and it is the correct way—the major parties go to the people on the vital issues that arise from time to time.

When he returned to America with his treaty Mr. Wilson, full of tricolored, issued a challenge. He said:

"If anyone discusses this question (the league of nations) on the basis of party advantage, I repudiate him as a fellow American."

That he first of all discussed it on precisely that basis, that he for more than a year has sought to use it primarily for party advantage and has forced his party against its will to make it a party issue, is now so clearly in the record that the charge dare not be disputed.

Yet it is well that the issue was forced before the American people. The "solemn referendum" has been ordered. One of the great parties wrote a platform rejecting the league covenant and pledged its candidates to reject it. The other wrote a platform accepting the league covenant and pledged its candidates to ratify it if they were elected.

There the matter stands. The decision must be made by the great body of voters. The republican party stands against the league and for a continuance of the foreign policy of Washington, Jefferson and Lincoln. The democratic party stands for the league and the foreign policy of Woodrow Wilson, mandates and all.

There are republicans who sincerely believe in the league covenant. There should be no hesitancy on their part, they should vote the democratic ticket in November. There can be no question about the propriety of such an act. There are multiplied thousands of constitutional democrats who look on the league covenant and its certain consequences with the utmost abhorrence and fear, these should vote the republican ticket. And they must do it if their mental integrity is what it should be and their patriotism more than sounding brass and tinkling cymbals.

It is a party issue. But the conscience and patriotism of America should decide it.

SEEKING THINGS IN CHICAGO.

Big Bill Thompson has given Chicago politicians the worst case of the "Willies" they have ever known.

A recent story from there says, "A political machine more powerful than New York's Tammany, is setting out to accomplish these things: Send the discredited William Lorimer back to the United States senate; make Chicago's mayor, Big Bill Thompson, president of the United States."

Big Bill has some political machine, all right. That it has thus far been successful is due quite as much to the manner in which it has been opposed as to any popularity it possesses "in its own name and by its own rightful authority." The ultra-aristocratic Lowden machine is not calculated to arouse unbridled enthusiasm in any state.

Bill may be able to control his state, too—due to opposition to the silk-stocking Lowden crowd and the support of down-state politicians like Cannon and Small. It is conceivable that because of his opposition he might put Lorimer back in the senate—if he wants to do that. He might, too, get a presidential endorsement for himself.

But right there Bill's program ends. No matter how cheerfully Illinois may vote for him for president, Illinois can't elect him. There are forty-seven other states to be reckoned with in all president-making schemes. Bill, it is conceivable, can make himself and his machine a sort of balance of power in national politics—like Tammany in New York. But that's as far as he can get.

God Almighty put the wrong leer on his face and wrong look in his eyes for him to ever appear successfully to the American people. We know Bill—even out here in the distant provinces.

OKLAHOMA'S STATE FLOWER

George Hall in his classic poem, "Land of the Mistletoe," made it inevitable that the mistletoe would be selected as the state flower for Oklahoma. The poem did that. Nor can we criticize the decision in the least.

But had the decision been made on merit and according to the eternal fitness of things the golden rod would have won the decision. It is golden rod season now. The prairies are a riot with the flower whose beauty is so rarely appreciated. Even the vacant lots of villages and city are breaking into blossom.

And from now until frost the glory of the Oklahoma outdoors will daily increase. There are more than a score of varieties of this grand wild flower—all natives of Oklahoma. No one can appreciate the full grandeur of it who has not witnessed it in decorative effects. It is one of the rare flowers that yields added beauty when plucked from its native stem. For indoors, and upon close inspection, it unfolds details of perfection little suspected by one accustomed to its commonness on the prairie.

The golden rod is one of the glories of Oklahoma's autumn season.

STREETS SHOULD BE MARKED.

It is a small thing, marking the streets so that a stranger may find his way, but it is of tremendous importance.

As matters stand it is not only strangers that are confused, but residents as well. Street names have been changed until there is confusion. A street is one thing for a few blocks, then something else for a few blocks more.

Consequently, the services of a guide are necessary in order that one may find a given address. Mr. O'Hannon's facetious remarks about prominently marking that corner where Boston intersects with Main, have a point.

We do not undertake to say how the marking shall be done. That is detail. There should be some accepted practice for marking permanently if not permanently the various streets. And The World does urge that the work be undertaken with as little delay as possible.

We sincerely hope that this suggestion will not be construed as hopeless provincialism on the part of The World.

Barometer of Public Opinion

As to Main Street

Editor The World—Yes, stick to "Main" but put up some signs showing which boulevard it happens to be as Monday moves forward toward Sunday.

Three years ago I asked one of these fountains of knowledge, a dispenser of sundries, where I should find a certain well-known establishment.

He told me, so I knew, he knew.

He knew Tulsa, so I knew he knew much. I knew not Tulsa, and realizing I knew little, therefore accepted his information "Corner Boston and Main" and issued forth to find. I've been issuing forth ever since. Each time I visit Tulsa I look for that corner, so let's mark it. Boston elevates Main to the point of deserving a mark indicating the intersection.

Yours to find, DICK O'BANNON.

Claremore, Aug. 14.

An Aladdin's Mechanism.

Business and romance have become inextricably intermingled. We used to speak of the mechanism of exchange, meaning something that was haphazard, automatic, inflexible. This mechanism of exchange is now an Aladdin's mechanism. Money, the hardest fact in the world, has become the most sentimental fact in the world, susceptible to climate, to politics, to prejudice.—New York Evening Post.

Silence That's Oppressive.

Mr. Roosevelt repeats familiar stuff concerning the duty of this country entering the league of nations. But not a word does he utter as to how or under what conditions. There is the usual talk of reservations which are to impair the essentials of the league, but as to what the reservations are to be and as to what essentials of the league are Mr. Roosevelt is silent.—New York Tribune.

Reconstruction of France.

Let the world mark well the French spirit of pessimism, unconquerable, self-reliance has never waned or weakened. In another year it may be generally understood that the cause of French reconstruction is the world's cause. History will yet record another example of how the indomitable will and courage of France enabled her to "come back" when to give up in despair and to force the burden on others might have been chosen as the easier way out of her terrible trials.—New York Sun and Herald.

Hitting Soft.

As Colonel Roosevelt would put it, the allies are hitting soft, just as they have in all their dealing with the bolsheviks. They are fighting hard enough to anger the Russians, even those who do not like a communist dictatorship, but not hard enough to put the bolshevik out. Doubtless they can do no more; the British labor party was loud in its outcries against Polish imperialism, but seems to have no objection whatever to Russian imperialism. Yet a purely "defensive" policy affords little hope of success.—New York Times.

When Great Britain Blunders.

No friend of the British people can pretend that they have been wisely served in the Munich incident. No apologist of Lloyd George can well deny that in its fumbling with the case the British government has displayed neither dignity nor intelligence. The cabinet may say that the archbishop pushed to visit Ireland neither as a peace-shedding British subject nor as a prelate, but as an agitator. Even so, what of it? Is the British empire, the modern parallel of Rome, to be destroyed or endangered by an agitator more or less? Whatever mischief was possible is done, and more; for nothing Archbishop Mannix could have said or done in Ireland would have had such disastrous effect as this proof that the administration feared his presence there.—New York World.

Barbarism of the Strike.

For two days at least last week Denver was the scene of a ferocious private war between the strikers, or the destroyers and criminals who seldom make an opportunity to take advantage of a strike to indulge their instincts, and the city, the state and, finally the federal authorities. A newspaper office was wrecked, doubtless by men who love to bellow about speech and a free press. The whole pitiful business illustrates the barbarism of the strike, a survival for which a sane substitute must be adopted, not merely in the interests of the community, but of the strikers themselves, who, under the present conditions, suffer in public opinion from these too common corollaries of disorder.—New York Times.

Why America Is Silent.

Even if our entry into the league of nations might have facilitated the conclusion of measures with respect to Poland, is that any excuse for sitting on the side lines now, for letting the European war break into full blaze again with no word spoken to the American people, the leadership of American thought attempted to bring our share of wisdom and interest to bear upon the new Sarajevo? The answer is, we think, that suggested before. President Wilson does not lead because he does not know whether to lead. He is the mind to create a formula and a faith and shift to them the solution of a problem. He has neither the training nor the type of mind to bring practical leadership to international affairs.—New York Tribune.

THE COMMON HOPE.

(Copyright, 1920, by Edgar A. Guest)

I don't know how to say it, but somehow it seems to me

That with all our different habits, we are just one family.

Underneath the robes of fashion or the overalls of toil

The seeds of good are sprouting in the self-same kind of soil.

An' the weeds are there a-plenty, but the last, conclusive test

Will show that everybody here has tried to do his best.

In the things that count, we're brothers, though we differ as we will.

An' some have more of money, an' some have greater skill,

An' some know more of strife, an' some face more of life.

We're all of us endeavorin' to make the most of life.

An' there's no man but is plannin' every minute of the day

For his children an' their future an' their right to romp in play.

The humblest man among us takes his youngster on his knee

An' dreams his splendid vision of the man he's going to be;

The joys he wants to give him are the very self-same joys

Which you hold to be the birthright of your little girls an' boys.

An' as you would slave to serve them through the years which are to be

An' guarantee their comfort to the end, so, too, would he.

He shares the self-same sorrow when his loved ones suffer pain,

Rejoices just as you do when they come to health again.

Is hurt by disappointment and is cheered by happiness

An' is striving just as you strive for the things men call success.

Oh, I don't know how to say it, but howe'er a man be dressed

An' whatever be his failure, he has tried to do his best.

WILL IT BE A BULL'S-EYE OR A DUD?

(Copyright, 1920, by The Chicago Tribune.)



By appealing to the German people over the heads of their rulers President Wilson wrecked the fighting morale of civilian Germany and made allied victory possible.



He now aims the same appeal, over the heads of the Soviet leaders, at the morale of civilian Russia.

Margaret Carrell's Husband

By JANE PHILIPS

Relaxed Tension.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

When Bob had left me I sank back in my chair weak and trembling. I had been so fearful, in spite of what Elsie had said, that he would refuse, that now I knew he had given me the respite for which I asked, I felt almost ill.

How long I sat there I do not know. But it seemed long after I heard that I dragged myself upstairs to bed. In the morning I rose early, and schooled myself for the part I was henceforth to play. I no longer dreaded to see Bob. But I need not have feared. He had given his word and by neither word or look did he refer to the conversation of the night before. We had promised to play bridge at the Baldwin's that night, and before he left he spoke of it, and said he would be home. Other-wise we were very quiet. He read his paper and I pretended to eat.

After Bob left I called Elsie up and told her that Bob had agreed to her plan.

"Tell me just what he said," she asked.

"At first he objected, as he said it would only prolong the unpleasantness for us both, and when I insisted he simply said: 'very well in a resigned sort of a way, and went immediately to bed.'

"And this morning—how did he act?"

"Just as usual, perhaps a little more quiet than of late."

"Good! it sounds promising. Did you cry?"

"No, and I never shall cry again when he is around. I promised you, you know."

"If you'll keep your promises to me, all of them, you'll be all right, and by the end of the year, Bob will wonder how he ever thought he could live without you."

"I hope so," but try as I would I could not feel very much encouraged.

"Your voice doesn't sound hopeful," Elsie returned. "I should think

"I'm so sorry ma'am! I wouldn't have woke you up for anything."

"It's time I got up," I said looking at the clock. "It's time to dress for dinner."

I attended to the tradesman; then went into the nursery with the children for a romp before I dressed.

"The glad you waked up mummy," Donald said. "Nellie wouldn't play horse with me cause you was asleep."

And she wouldn't let me make noise wiv my cart."

"You poor lamb! mother will play horse with you and let Nellie rest while you may go to your room for half an hour if you like," I said to her, "and thank you for keeping the children so quiet. I needed the rest."

"I know you did ma'am. You haven't looked well lately."

For nearly an hour I played horse, or anything else that Donald wanted me to; then, when he became tired I took him on my lap and told him stories.

"Geordie is too little for stories," he remarked as he ruddled in my arms.

"He'll soon be big enough. He's getting a big boy," I reminded Donald, "shall you be glad when he is big enough to hear stories too?"

"Oh, I don't know," I guess he's all right like he is," he replied after a moment.

Tomorrow—A Pleasant Evening.

Bennies' Notebook

Yistiddy was Nora's day off and ma had to make supper, so, so, so, I don't know wat to have, there's so much lam left over I'd make a lam stew for my father like I do well, I guess I'll make a lam stew.

With she did, saying, Benny, I've got some sewing to finish up stairs, I want you to stay down heer and

The Horoscope

"The stars incline, but do not compel."

TUESDAY, AUGUST 17, 1920.

The planets rule for good this day, according to astrology.

This is a way most favorable for all who project altruistic or progressive ideas, since it makes for practical development.

It is a lucky day for commercial enterprise and for whatever depends on navigation.

There is a peculiarly fortunate direction this day for all who seek preferment. Political candidates should benefit by planetary forces that stimulate energy and encourage speech efforts.

Speech is subject to influences that seem to preface a return to popularity of orators and all who use the power of spoken argument.

Lawyers should benefit greatly during this rule which is most helpful to women as well as men.

Return from a way that is read as foreshadowing differences of opinion between men and women.

Again there is a prophecy of mining troubles and of dangers to those who work underground.

Real estate is subject to a government of the stars which will greatly effect values. Western cities will be the first to notice a slight decline, the news announce.

Despite all good signs the culmination of Mars in Russia is held to be sinister in its meaning. Rumored disturbances seem to me indicated at a time when conditions appear to be improving.

Switzerland and the West Indies are still subject to a rule that is not promising.

Education now will assume a great importance and will be of concern to millions and leaders of thought in the United States.

Persons whose birthdate it is should not speculate or go to law. Real estate may be rather perplexing and should be carefully watched.

Children born on this day are likely to be quick and well balanced in mind. These persons do not take kindly to business.

"We'd Rather Not Go Sailing When It's Rough"

It had been the common expression with that the first and deciding race for the America's cup should be held in a whole sail breeze which would test the capabilities of both yachts to the limit. Such a breeze was obligingly provided, but both yachts scuttled back to their anchorages—either from a fear on the part of the committee that they would break up in the sea that was running or from fear that some members of their respective crews would be swept overboard from their bowsprit decks by green water.

This incident called forth, among other things, a little poem in the New York Globe, the first two stanzas of which are quoted here.

The 1920 Yachting Spirit.

We're champions of the noble sport of yachting—

We love a life that's very, very tough.

We're fearless, brave, intrepid.

But we like our weather tepid.

And we'd rather not go sailing when it's rough.

We're out to elevate a sport heroic—

A sport that weaklings never have declined.

Each skipper is a yiking

If the sea is to his liking.

But he hates the nasty ocean when it's wild.

Perhaps H. I. Phillips, the author of this poem is a bit hard on the crews of the two contending yachts, but he has certainly succeeded in well expressing the general opinion. Very probably the racing circumstances in calling off the race were such that in no way commits us to an approval of the circumstances.

The most interesting race which we remember in recent years was that in which the three-masted schooner Atlantic won the emperor's gold cup (which like so many other things which have emanated from the Kaiser, later turned out to be a hoax) in a race across the ocean whose name the winner bore. That was a race that was a race, and one that tested seamanship, construction and design. Why cannot the American's cup race be of equal worth?

About all that the present races are accomplishing is to furnish us with an exhibition of good sportsmanship on the part of the challenger, Sir Thomas Lipton, which will be remembered long after Shamrock IV and Resolute have gone their deserved way to the junk dealer.—Outlook.

Oldest Woman Dies.

CHICAGO, Aug. 16.—Miss Anna Burian, 104 years of age, believed to have been the oldest woman in Chicago, died last night. She was born in Bohemia.

The Trouble With Labor.

The chief trouble with labor seems to be the work connected with it.—Philadelphia Inquirer.